

i can't stop loving (you, kill me)

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Summary: "I thought we could drive somewhere. Up that hill with the view under the stars. Nowhere at all." He smiles too, a confession in the way his lips curl. "I'm selfish, I want you all to myself."

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for the prompt _"I'm not even sorry"_

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><p>"Would you like to go somewhere less crowded?"<p>

Blue raises her eyebrows impassively. "Is this the part where you hold up a key to a hotel room you've booked just for this occasion?"

Gansey pulls away to look at her. Blue instantly misses the heat of his suit, his heartbeat against her ear, the way his hand fit perfectly against the small of her back as she rested her head against his chest, swaying to the music. So slowly they were barely moving at all. Now his hands are on her arms and he's looking at her with an honest expression.

"No, no, that is not what I, - that came out wrong. Blue, I would never dream of being so insolent. You would smack me across the head, I'm sure."

Blue smiles but says nothing. She was merely joking but Gansey didn't realize that and he looks genuinely worried he's offended her. She hopes her smile would ease him.

"I thought we could drive somewhere. Up that hill with the view under the stars. Nowhere at all." He smiles too, a confession in the way

his lips curl. "I'm selfish, I want you all to myself."

He raises his hand to her chin and strokes her skin softly, quickly. It falls away almost immediately but her skin tingles with the memory of it.

"Would you like that?"

There's only one answer that exists in her mind.

* * *

><p>They are not trying to kiss. Blue promised herself to stay away from such treacherous moves as his death loomed closer and the risks got greater. She could not afford to get close to his lips anymore.<p>

Instead, they're watching the stars. Gansey has spread out a blanket on the grass and they're lying on their backs, too close to each other. Her legs are drawn up, her dress falling lower on her thigh, and his hand has tentatively found her bare knee twenty minutes ago and has been resting there ever since. This is the most intimate they can get.

Two weeks. Two weeks is all he has left. They both know it. In two weeks, he would be dead. He might be dead tomorrow. It's the only thing she's been thinking about lately and she doesn't want to ruin the moment but in the silence of the night, the intrusive thoughts push in. It's all too easy to feel his closeness and remember it won't last. Suddenly, she aches for the noise and loud music of prom where everything was near deafening and fast-paced; she didn't have time then to agonize herself over this.

"Look, a shooting star," Gansey says and points to where a bright yellow streak crosses the sky. Blue stares in quiet awe.

"Make a wish," she whispers and she sees his eyes close before hers do too. "But don't tell me what you wished for," she reminds him as she tries to word her own. "It won't come true."

When Blue opens her eyes, she looks at Gansey and begins to shuffle closer to him. She can't help thinking this is the last night they have together, the last night they're allowed to look at the stars together. It's a horrible feeling and full of certainty. There's nothing psychic about it: it's just sixth sense. Women's intuition. She knows.

She rests her head in the crook of his neck and holds onto him tightly, pretending they can stay like this forever, pretending she can protect him from the world if she just never lets go. Gansey's hand abandons her knee and winds around her shoulder, hugging her to him. Too close. Not close enough. Perfect.

She cries quietly against his collar.

Gansey sighs. "I should have taken you to a restaurant."

"Shut up," she sniffs, not regretting a thing. About tonight, about the last few months, about him and her boys.

Gansey angles his body in her direction and strokes her hair that frames her face, hiding her from view.

"This is not the end yet."

Blue talks into his collar, her voice muffled and strained. "It could be. It might be. It could be the end for us. The last time -"

"Shh," he says, his voice gentle in the quiet hiss of the grass and crickets. He sounds calm. Peaceful. Sad not for himself but her and his friends. The biggest injustice of the universe: he's accepted his fate but no one else has. He's okay with it and Blue wants to shake sense into him and also wants his last days to be happy.

"So let's not talk about it," he says and Blue might have been soothed by the softness of his voice if he weren't the reason of her despair. "Let's not ruin this."

Blue pulls away, shakes her head to clear it, wipes away her tears.

"I'm sorry." Before Gansey could cut in to tell her something reassuring and sweet, she goes on, "It's just - everything comes down to this with us. Especially now."

His tone is quiet, the opposite of her quivering voice. "Because my death is so close."

He says it as a fact but Blue shakes her head. "Because I'm in love with you," she breathes and doesn't look at him, looks at the stars instead. "And I'm not even sorry."

There's a long pause but Blue doesn't feel nervous. She feels calmer, somehow. She thinks about how grateful she is that she was allowed to have him in her life at all. She thinks about the friends she's made along the way and the adventures she'll never forget. It wasn't all bad; she wants to believe it was worth it.

"You gave something," she whispers just as Gansey shifts, props himself up on his elbows. She can feel him staring at her but her eyes are still on the sky. She's afraid to look at him: he could be watching her with pity, his eyes could swim with tears, the moon could illuminate his face in a beautiful soft glow, his skin could be gray and lifeless and already losing warmth. She doesn't want to know.

"You gave me the best months of my life. And," she reaches out and wraps her hand around his. It's too warm to be dead, "you gave me true love. I'll never forget that."

She looks at him now as he lays his head back down on the blanket, their faces close. Soon, she could kiss him.

Gansey's expression is torn between gratitude and fear. There's shame too as he quietly admits, "I don't want to be forgotten."

Blue sucks in a sharp breath and immediately starts shaking her head, voice gasping. "Never."

She squeezes his hand with a strength that might be painful but it

makes him look at her and she holds his gaze. Her voice is clear, confident, and only trembles a little when she says, "You'll never be forgotten."

End
file.